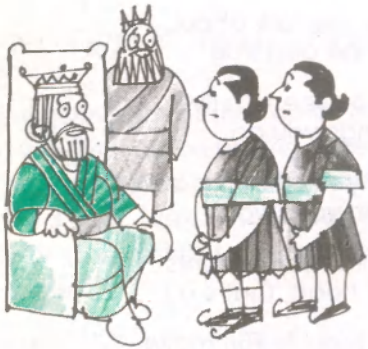

chhoti chhoti BATEIN

- One Dead Donkey
- Island of feelings
- & much more...

MML29

It isn't the things you talk about,
no matter how fine and true.

It isn't the way you seem to live,
not even the things you do.

It isn't the creed you call your own
nor the mottos on your wall.

The only thing that really counts
is what's in your heart, that's all.

It isn't the many friends you make,
It's only the friends you keep.

It isn't the you that people see,
It's the real you way down deep.

It isn't what people say you are,
Just let them talk as they please.

It's what you know you are inside,
What counts is what God sees.

Ron Harman

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What is your level of honesty?

Integrity sits right at the top of my list of values (Patrice writing here). And so it came as a shock when I realized last week how out of integrity (i.e. dishonest) I can be with myself.

I was reading Dan Millman's Law of Honesty (from The Life You Were Born to Live). He talks about how some of us avoid "living up to our inner light." His analogy really hit home for me: "At times, we can be like the child who furtively takes a candy bar and pockets it, thinking and hoping it will turn out okay, while the child's mother watches from the end of the aisle."

Let me be clear. I don't steal things but I do steal from my own potential. I can be a master at rationalizing, at justifying why it's not the right time to do something challenging. My arguments are always valid on the surface. Deep down inside, though, I know they're excuses and justifiers. "What's the harm?" I reassure myself. And then I get down on myself because I don't see myself growing as quickly as I might.

Well... it's time to be honest with myself. What do I really want for my life? My soul knows what's possible for me. So does my personality, even though it's been unwilling to carry the ball.

Part of me is afraid of new responsibilities. Part of me is just plain lazy. But these are hurdles that can be scaled.

Millman says, "The first step in honesty entails reconciling our own conflicting parts so we can say what we mean and mean what we say .... When our internal parts work together; when we stop lying to ourselves or deceiving others; when we know deep down that we're acting with integrity despite impulses to do otherwise, we feel gates of higher energy and inspiration open inside of us."

What level of honesty are you living now?
- honesty with strangers, institutions and businesses, acquaintances, friends, family, spouse?
- honesty with yourself: your emotions, thoughts and morals?
- honesty with your soul, intuition, purpose, growth, God?

How are you hiding in some way from your own potential?

-Inner Journey

Instead of a gem, or even a flower,

cast the gift of a lovely Thought...

into the heart of a friend

One Dead Donkey!

A city boy, Morris, moved to the country and bought a donkey from an old farmer for $100. The farmer agreed to deliver the mule the next day.

The next day, the farmer drove up and said, "Sorry, but I have some bad news. The donkey died."
"Well, then, just give me my money back."
"Can't do that. I went and spent it already."
"OK, then. Just unload the donkey."

"What ya gonna do with him?"
"I'm going to raffle him off."
"You can't raffle off a dead donkey!"
"Sure I can. Watch me. I just won't tell anybody he's dead."

A month later the farmer met up with the city boy and asked, "What happened with that dead donkey?"

"I raffled him off. I sold 500 tickets at two dollars apiece and made a profit of $898."

"Didn't anyone complain?"

"Just the guy who won. So I gave him his two dollars back."

10 Rules For A Happy Day

1. TODAY I WILL NOT STRIKE BACK:

If someone is rude, if someone is impatient, if someone is unkind ... I will not respond in a like manner.

2. TODAY I WILL ASK GOD TO BLESS MY "ENEMY":

If I come across someone who treats me harshly or unfairly, I will quietly ask GOD to bless that individual. I understand the "enemy" could be a family member, neighbour, co-worker or stranger.

3. TODAY I WILL BE CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT I SAY:

I will carefully choose and guard my words being certain that I do not spread gossip.

4. TODAY I WILL GO THE EXTRA MILE:

I will find ways to help share the burden of another person.

5. TODAY I WILL FORGIVE:
I will forgive any hurts or injuries that come my way.

6. TODAY I WILL DO SOMETHING NICE FOR SOMEONE, BUT I WILL DO IT SECRETLY:
I will reach out anonymously and bless the life of another.

7. TODAY I WILL TREAT OTHERS THE WAY I WISH TO BE TREATED:
I will practice the golden rule - "Do unto others as I would have them do unto me" - with everyone I encounter.

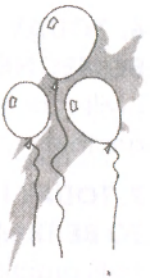
8. TODAY I WILL RAISE THE SPIRITS OF SOMEONE WHO IS DISCOURAGED:
My smile, my words, my expression of support, can make the Difference to someone who is wrestling with life.

9. TODAY I WILL NURTURE MY BODY:
I will eat less; I will eat only healthy foods. I will thank GOD for my body.

10. TODAY I WILL GROW SPIRITUALLY:
I will spend a little more time in prayer today: I will begin by reading something spiritual or inspirational today; I will find a quiet place (at some point during this day) and listen to GOD's voice!!!

- hulette moore day

ISLAND OF FEELINGS



Once upon a time, there was an island where all the feelings lived: Happiness, Sadness, Knowledge, and all of the others including Love.

One day it was announced to the feelings that the island would sink, so all repaired their boats and left. Love was the only one who stayed. Love wanted to persevere until the last possible moment.

When the island was almost sinking, Love decided to ask for help. Richness was passing by Love in a grand boat. Love said, "Richness, can you take me with you?" Richness answered, "No, I can't.. There is a lot of gold and silver in my boat. There is no place here for you."

Love decided to ask Vanity who was also passing by in a beautiful vessel, "Vanity, please help me!" "I can't help you Love. You are all wet and might damage my boat," Vanity answered.

Sadness was close by so Love asked for help, "Sadness, let me go with you." "Oh...Love, I am so sad that I need to be by myself!"

Happiness passed by Love too, but she was so happy that she did not even hear when Love called her!

Suddenly, there was a voice, "Come Love, I will take

you." It was an elder. Love felt so blessed and overjoyed that he even forgot to ask the elder her name. When they arrived on dry land, the elder went her own way.

Love realizing how much he owed the elder asked Knowledge, another elder, "Who helped me?"

"It was Time," Knowledge answered.

"Time?" asked Love. "But why did Time help me?"

Knowledge smiled with deep Wisdom and answered, "Because only Time is capable of understanding how great Love is."

Author and Source Unknown

Get *Organized*

Cut the Clutter, Jump for Joy

Clutter is nerve-wracking. It clogs your home, your computer, your time and your brain. You definitely don't need this stress in your life. Get rid of your clutter, and live a more joyful, peaceful life.

1. Decide that you've had enough.

Once you've made the decision that you've really had it up to your eyeballs with clutter, you've taken the most important step to getting rid of it.

2. Make distinctions. If you don't use it, or you don't love it, it's clutter. Make two piles. a) I use it or I love it and b) I don't use it or I don't care about it.

3. Get it out of your sight. For 10 minutes each day, choose a room. Pick up two items and decide whether or not it's clutter. (See number 2 above.) The second you decide it's clutter, get it out of your sight. Either put it into a Donation or Rummage sale box if it's good enough to be used by someone else, or put it in your trash container. Out of sight — out of mind.

4. Delete, delete ,delete. Just like physical clutter, virtual clutter is taking up valuable space on your computer. Again, decide whether or not it's clutter, and use your delete key steadfastly. For example, generally jokes and other email forwards can be deleted once you've read them, or even before you've read them if you're not interested. Another example would be computer files on your hard drive and disks that you no longer use.

5. Take the squeeze out of your schedule. If you're constantly running around from one place to the next, hardly taking a second to breathe, your schedule most likely has too much stuff squeezed into it. Prioritize and streamline. If you're involved in too many activities, choose the most important ones and eliminate the rest. Spending too much time running errands? Determine if you can run these same errands every two weeks, versus each week, or do all of your errands in one run, rather than running an errand or two each day. The more time

you save each day, the more free time you can have on your schedule.

- Get Organized Newsletter

"A Special Place"

There is a special place in life, that needs my humble skill,

a certain job I'm meant to do, which no one else can fulfill.

The time will be demanding, and the pay is not too good,

and yet I wouldn't change it -- even if I could.

There is a special place in life, a goal I must attain,

a dream that I must follow, because I won't be back again.

There is a mark that I must leave, however small it seems to be,

a legacy of love for those who follow after me.

There is a special place in life that only I may share,

a little path that bears my name awaiting me somewhere.

There is a hand that I must hold, a word that I must say,

a smile that I must give and tears to blow away.

There's always a tomorrow and the best is yet to be,

and somewhere in this world I know there is a place for me.

~Author Unknown~

"A human being is a part of the whole, called by us 'Universe,' a part limited in time and space. He experiences himself, his thoughts, and feelings as something separated from the rest a kind of optical delusion of his consciousness. This delusion is a kind of prison for us, restricting us to our personal desires and to affection for a few persons nearest to us. Our task must be to free ourselves from this prison by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature in its beauty.

Nobody is able to achieve this completely, but the striving for such an achievement is in itself a part of the liberation and a foundation for inner security."

- Albert Einstein

142857 is a cyclic number - its digits always appear in the same order but will rotate around when multiplied by any number from 1 to 6:

142857 x 1 = 142857
142857 x 2 = 285714
142857 x 3 = 428571
142857 x 4 = 571428
142857 x 5 = 714285
142857 x 6 = 857142

Pretty cool, huh? Now multiply 142857 by 7.

The Cake

Cindy glanced nervously at the clock on the kitchen wall. Five minutes before midnight.

"They should be home any time now," she thought as she put the finishing touches on the chocolate cake she was frosting. It was the first time in her 12 years she had tried to make a cake from scratch, and to be honest, it wasn't exactly an aesthetic triumph. The cake was . . . well, lumpy. And the frosting was bitter, as if she had run out of sugar or something. Which, of course, she had. And then there was the way the kitchen looked. Imagine a huge blender filled with all the fixings for chocolate cake — including the requisite bowls, pans and utensils. Now imagine that the blender is turned on. High speed. With the lid off. Do you get the idea? But Cindy wasn't thinking about the mess. She had created something, a veritable phoenix of flour and sugar rising out of the kitchen clutter. She was anxious for her parents to return home from their date so she could present her anniversary gift to them. She turned off the kitchen lights and waited excitedly in the darkness. When at last she saw the flash of the car headlights, she positioned herself in the kitchen doorway. By the time she heard the key sliding into the front door, she was THIS CLOSE to exploding.

Her parents tried to slip in quietly, but Cindy would have none of that. She flipped on the lights dramatically and trumpeted: "Ta-daaa!" She

gestured grandly towards the kitchen table, where a slightly off-balance two-layer chocolate cake awaited their inspection. But her mother's eyes never made it all the way to the table. "Just look at this mess!" she moaned. "How many times have I talked to you about cleaning up after yourself?" "But Mom, I was only..." "I should make you clean this up right now, but I'm too tired to stay up with you to make sure you get it done right," her mother said. "So you'll do it first thing in the morning." "Honey," Cindy's father interjected gently, "take a look at the table." "I know — it's a mess," his wife said coldly. "The whole kitchen is a disaster. I can't stand to look at it." She stormed up the stairs and into her room, slamming the door shut behind her. For a few moments Cindy and her father stood silently, neither one knowing what to say. At last she looked up at him, her eyes moist and red. "She never saw the cake," she said. Unfortunately, Cindy's mother isn't the only parent who suffers from Situational Timbercular Glaucoma — the occasional inability to see the forest for the trees. From time to time we all allow ourselves to be blinded to issues of long-term significance by stuff that seems awfully important right now — but isn't. Muddy shoes, lost lunch money and messy kitchens are troublesome, and they deserve their place among life's frustrations. But what's a little mud — even on new carpet — compared to a child's self-esteem? Is a lost dollar more valuable than a youngster's emerging dignity? And while kitchen sanitation is important, is it worth the sacrifice of tender feelings

and relationships? I'm not saying that our children don't need to learn responsibility, or to occasionally suffer the painful consequences of their own bad choices. Those lessons are vital, and need to be carefully taught. But as parents, we must never forget that we're not just teaching lessons - we're teaching children. That means there are times when we really need to see the mess in the kitchen. And times when we only need to see the cake.

-Author Unknown

Motivational Tip For The Day by Jan Tincher

Do you suffer from an over abundance of what some would call *self-love?*

Do you know how to cure that?

Start loving others. Why? Because what goes around, comes around.

An over abundance of self-love will be a thing of the past.

People returning your love will be a thing of the present AND the future.

- Jan Tincher

HOW TO SAVE YOUR GLASSWARE

When you get two glasses stuck together, don't toss them away, try this little slick trick:
Fill the top glass with cold water, and dip the bottom one in hot. The laws of expansion and contraction will take over allowing you to pull them apart! No wasted glassware, no injured hands, no blood!
And while we're on the subject of glassware, here's another quickie tip or two to add to your collection:
-Polish your glasses with toothpaste to get rid of scratches.
-Use the cheapest dish detergent, but add a few tablespoons of our old friend vinegar to the dish water. Vinegar cuts the grease leaving your glasses and dishes sparkling!

I Am My Thoughts

In my daily life I seem to find
Whenever I have something on my mind
That verbal words cannot quite impress
The kind of thoughts I try to express---
I take my paper and pen
To number my blessings again.

I am thankful that I have the freedom of choice
To choose the thoughts I wish to harbor.
I am thankful for my eyes
To view beautiful sunrises and sunsets.
To be able to read
And again I have the choice as to the quality.
To see the smile on someone's face ,

To see the sparkle of happiness in their eyes ---
To write and share a feeling.

I am thankful for my ears;--
To listen to beautiful music and friendly conversations.
I am thankful for a mind
That is capable of sharing beautiful thoughts with others .

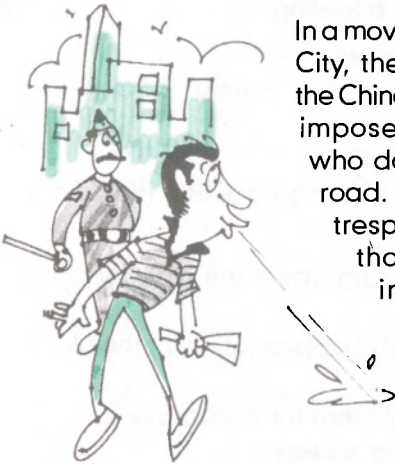
And as I sit and dream about the wonderful things in life ---
I find my heart so full of appreciation for the blessings God gives us,
That there isn't any room for harboring
Any of the debasing vices ---
Which, like a thief, rob us of the joy of good thoughts.

We can be instrumental
In planting good or bad thoughts in the minds of others .
But what a blessing it is to have the privilege
Of choosing what we delight in hearing or remembering.

I Am My Thoughts.
My thoughts express my personality .
My thoughts make me happy or sad.
My thoughts are me .
I am my thoughts
The choice of what I want to be
Is up to me .

by Martha

The Case Against Spitting



In a move to clean up Beijing City, the newspaper says, the Chinese government has imposed fine on people who dared to spit on the road. To apprehend the trespassers of the rule, thousands of health inspectors were deputed on the streets to levy fines then and there. Beijing, as we know, hosted the Asiad that time and the civic authorities had woken up to the fact that if sports had to be fun, it had to be clean too-in all respects. Even though tourists don't generally demand a path of roses, they certainly expect to tread on spittle-free roads.

Spitting anywhere and everywhere has been the bane of Indian culture, more so in Kerala and specially in Mallapuram. Whatsoever the triggering factor, when our people step out of their houses, the salivary glands, it seems starts working vigorously and within no time you find the first blob of spittle strike the ground.

If you are at the bus stand, it would be better if you wear blinkers and avoided looking at the ground. A glance around would surely turn your stomach-all those sticky streaks with swarming flies to boot. No wonder that we catch infectious diseases (my Chest specialist friend says this is the commonest way TB spreads).

Spitting crosses all political and class-barriers with impunity. From the lowliest beggar to the rich businessman, nobody has any qualms about raucously clearing his throat and depositing his sputum on whatsoever in his vicinity. My wife's heart skips a beat when patients and their relatives in the waiting room shower spittle on her choicest roses and begonias. (To overcome the disgust of working with spittle-dripping plants she has now resorted to rubber gloves!)

I agree salivary secretions are natural and you can't always be swallowing it. There are times when you get a strong urge to spit, as and when you see something nauseating or, maybe when you reach the climax of a wordy quarrel; But, in all situations you could use a wash basin or a spittoon. If you are on the road you could move to a discreet corner and spit into the sewer or use a public toilet. But spitting right in the middle of the road from a bus or in the cemented courtyard of a house or hospital is atrocious to say the least. There are some incorrigible folk who even spit in the balconies of cinema halls (mercifully not on the audience below). I don't blame them either. It is only due to bad upbringing and mindless imitative behaviour. Kids do what the adults around them do, hardly realising that it offends good taste. Generally, people here have accepted spitting as a part of life and try to perfect the knack of spitting properly. They have honed it into a fine art, so to say- the art of holding the middle and index finger to the lips, forming a small gap and elegantly squirting a thin jet of betel-stained spittle without wetting the finers; Seated in the veranda, they aim the jet to a spittoon ten feet away, or they stand near the window and shoot the blob accurately through a gap in the grill.

To save others from any side-spray they use the palm of the hand as a shield. I am sure if there is an All Kerala Spitting Tournament, the Mallapuram team would undoubtedly emerge winners. From the news item it seems Chinese are not far behind.

To counter the spitting menace, some administrators hit upon the idea of providing sand-filled boxes in public premises with a prominent board SPIT HERE. Strangely enough people disliked the very idea of somebody telling them where to spit. So, reacting with a hurt ego they began messing up every other place except the sand-filled spittoons.

How do we curb this menace? If we were to actually follow the Singapore and Chinese examples, we would have to shelve aside a huge chunk of the annual budget to maintain an exclusive Anti-Spitting department. And that, obviously would breed corrupt officials who may take bribes to allow someone to spit on the road. Or our spitfire youth may take cudgels against officials who themselves spit with impunity.

Personally, I can think of some (may be impractical) measures. One, start Anti-spitting education from the primary school upwards. Two, provide monetary incentives to those who use spittoons and prizes to officials who canvass for maximum usage of these. Three, distribute portable plastic spittoons free of cost to all citizens prone to this malady and finally, stringent punishment to those who defy the Anti-spitting law like department to Sri Lanka or maybe forcible administration of drugs that dry up that dreaded secretion.

Dr. T. M. Raghuram(Consulting Psychiatrist &
Well Known Indo-anglian Poet, Manjeri Kerala)

"How To Carry Your Burden"

A monarch of long ago had twin sons. There was some confusion about which one was born first. As they grew to young manhood, the king sought a fair way to designate one of them as crown prince. All who knew the young men thought them equal in intelligence, wit, personal charm, health, and physical strength. Being a keenly observant king, he thought he detected a trait in one which was not shared by the other.

Calling them to his council chamber one day, he said, "My sons, the day will come when one of you must succeed me as king. The burdens of sovereignity are very heavy. To find out which of you is better able to bear them cheerfully, I am send-

ing you together to a far corner of the kingdom. One of my advisors there will place equal burdens on your shoulders. My crown will one day go to the one who first returns bearing his burden like a king should."

In a spirit of friendly competition, the brothers set out together. Soon they overtook an aged woman struggling under a burden that seemed far too heavy for her frail body. One of the boys suggested that they stop to help her. The other protested: "We have a burden of our own to worry about. Let us be on our way."

The objector hurried on while the other stayed behind to give aid to the aged woman. Along the road, from day to day, he found others who also needed help. A blind man took him miles out of his way, and a lame man slowed him to a cripple's walk.

Eventually he did reach his father's advisor, where he secured his own burden and started home with it safely on his shoulders. When he arrived at the palace, his brother met him at the gate, and greeted him with dismay. He said, "I don't understand. I told our father the burden was too heavy to carry. However did you do it?"

The future king replied thoughtfully, "I suppose when I helped others carry their burdens, I found the strength to carry my own."

- Author Unknown

"There once was a young man named Nasreddin who planted a flower garden. But when the flowers came up so did a great crop of dandelions among them. Wishing to eliminate the unwanted guests, Nasreddin consulted with gardeners near and far, but none of their solutions worked.

Finally, the young man travelled to the palace of the sheikh to seek the wisdom of the royal gardener himself. But unfortunately, he had already tried all the methods the royal gardener recommended to him.

Silently they sat together for a good long time. At last, the royal gardener looked at Nasreddin and said: "Well, then, the only thing I can suggest is that you learn to love them."

Traditional Sufi Story

"Our lives improve only when we take chances -and the first and most difficult risk we can take is to be honest with ourselves."

- Walter Anderson

ALPROCONTIN EXPRESSIONS

My Way of Managing Anxiety

1. "Patient Listening" to the anxious patient's problem relives more than half of the anxiety.
2. "A soft touch" (A healing touch) on a hand or forehead.
3. A safe anxiolytic minus sedation (such as "Alprocontin").

Dr. A. P. Bhatia,*

*Expressions from **Dr. A. P. Bhatia,** a leading Consultant Physician of Delhi.

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